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SALVINI.

OTHELLO.
WEBER

PIANOS

The Greatest Artists in the World

HAVE PRONOUNCED THEM

MARVELS OF MECHANISM

PERFECT IN EVERY RESPECT,

AND FAR BEYOND THE REACH OF RIVALRY OR COMPETITION.

WAREROOMS;

FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 16TH STREET,

NEW YORK.
OTHELLO:

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE VERSION AS PERFORMED BY

SIGNOR SALVINI

AND HIS AMERICAN COMPANY,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

C. A. CHIZZOLA.

NEW YORK:
J. J. LITTLE & CO., PRINTERS,
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1882.
Dramatis Personae.

The Doge of Venice.
Brabantio (Senator).
1st Senator.
2d Senator.
Lodovico (Cousin to Brabantio).
Othello.
Cassio.
Iago.
Rodrigo.
Montano.
A Herald.
A Messenger.
Officer.
Desdemona.
Emilia.

Officers, Gentlemen, Cypriotes, Sailors.
ACT I.

SCENE I.

Venice.—A Street; on one side the Palace of Brabantio, with Verona on the other.—The Hostel of the Sagistary.—Night.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO, R.

ROD. Tush, ne'er tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

IAGO. You will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

ROD. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capped to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse place—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombaste circumstance,
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators: for, certes, say he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster;—
Unless the bookish theories,
Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose,
As masterly as he; mere prattle, without practice
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds.
Christian and infidel, must be belie'd
By such a counteraster.
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (heaven bless the mark!) his Moorship's Ancient.

ROD. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
IAGO. But there's no remedy, 'tis the course of service, 
Preferment goes by letter and affection.

ROD. I would not follow him, then.

IAGO. Oh, sir, content you; 
I follow him, to serve my turn upon him; 
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters 
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark 
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave, 
That doting on his own obsequious bondage, 
Wears out his time much like his master's ass, 
For nought but provender and, when, he's old cashier'd: 
Whip me such honest knaves, others there are 
Who trimmed in forms and visages of duty, 
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves, 
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined their coats 
Do themselves homage.—These fellows have some soul, 
And such a one I do profess myself; 
Then, Roderigo, in serving the Moor, I serve myself. 
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, 
But seeming so, for my peculiar end; 
For when my outward action does demonstrate 
The native act and figure of my heart 
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after 
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve 
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

ROD. What a full fortune does the thick-lips eye, 
If he can carry it thus!

IAGO. Call up her father, 
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight 
Though that his joy be joy, 
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't, 
As it may lose some color.

ROD. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

IAGO. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell 
As when, by night and negligence, the fire 
Is spied in populous cities.

ROD. What, ho! Brabantio! signor Brabantio, ho!

IAGO. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves! 
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags! 
Thieves! thieves!
BRABANTIO, above, at a window, L.

BRA. What is the matter there?
ROD. Signor, is all your family within?
IAGO Are your doors locked?
BRA. Why, wherefore ask you this?
IAGO. Sir, you are robbed: your heart is burst
You have lost half your soul
A black wolf has got your white lamb.
For shame, arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise I say!—

BRA. What, have lost your wits? What are you?
ROD. My name is—Roderigo.
BRA. The worse welcome:
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet:—

ROD. Sir, sir, sir,—
BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice!
IAGO. We offer you a service and you call us mad.
Give your daughter to a Barbary courser:
And you will have grand children.
BRA. Who are you, wretch?
IAGO. One who comes to tell you that your daughter
Is in the Moor's arms.
BRA. Thou art a villain.
IAGO. You are—(Rod. checks him)—a senator.
ROD. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you
Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State
For thus deluding you.
BRA. Give me a taper:—call up all my people:—
Belief oppresses me:—
Light, I say! light! (Retire.)
IAGO. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall,) Against the Moor: for I do know, the state.—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embarked
With such a loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. (Exit.)

ROD. He leaves me thus?

SCENE III.

Enter BRABANTIO and Servants, with torches.

BRA. It is too true an evil: gone she is!
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—Oh, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—Oh, thou deceivest me.
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers:
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

ROD. Truly, I think they are.

BRA. Ho, Heaven!—How got she out?—Oh, treason of the
blood!—
Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

ROD. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRA. Call up my brother. (Exit a Servant.)
Oh, that you had had her!
Some one way, some another. (Exit a Servant.)

ROD. I think I can discover him.
Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call:  
I may command at most;—  
On, good Rodrigo;—I'll deserve your pains. (Exit, B. & D.)

SCENE IV.

OTHELLO and IAGO.

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,  
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity  
Sometimes, to do me service: nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.  
(Crosses. L.)

OTHELLO. 'Tis better as it is.

IAGO. Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honor,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,  
Are you fast married? for be sure of this—  
That the magnifico is much beloved;  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential  
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restaint and grievance  
The law (with all his might to enforce it on,)  
Will give him cable.

OTHELLO. Let him do his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,  
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege; and my demerits  
May speak-unnobneted, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unloosed free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder!
IAGO. These are the raised father and his friends:—
You were best go in.

OTH. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly.—Is it they?

IAGO. By Janus—I think, no.

SCENE V.

Enter Cassio with Servants.

CASS. (L.) The Duke does greet you, general; he requires your
appearance, on the instant,

OTH. What is the matter, think you?

CASS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
You have been hotly called for;
It is an affair of moment,
Many Senators are assembled with the Duke,

OTH. 'Tis well I go with you.

CASS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO. It is Brabantio: general, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

OTH. Holla! stand, there!

SCENE VI.

Enter two Servants, L., with torches, preceding Roderigo,
Brabantio and Officers.

ROD. Signor, it is the Moor.

BRA. Down with him, thief! (They draw.)

IAGO. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

OTH. (Crosses, c.) Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them.—
Good signor, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Oh, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter!
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For, I'll refer me to all things of sense.
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That waken motion—
I therefore apprehend, and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril. (They advance on both sides.)
Hold your hands,
Were it my cue to fight I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
And answer this your charge?
To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
What, if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
About some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

The Duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

(Exeunt, L.)

SCENE —VII. Venice—A Council Chamber.

The Duke, Gratiano, Lodovico, and other Senators, seated, and
Marco, in waiting, discovered.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.
1st Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned:

My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2d Sen. And mine, two hundred:

But though they jump not on a just account

Yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay they turn to Rhodes.

What think you?

1st Sen. It is a false show

To lead us into snares. The importance

Of Cyprus to the Turk is more than Rhodes. And

When we think that Rhodes

Is well defended and with warlike

Stores well found, we cannot so

The enemy lightly hold that he would leave

The more important effort, and a danger

Tempt unfruitful of gain.

Doge. 'Tis certain that he does not move for Rhodes.

2d Sen. Another messenger.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious.

Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,

Have there enjoined them with an after-fleet.

(Gives letters to Marco, who delivers them to the Duke.)

2d Sen. How many, as you guess!

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,

With his duty recommends you thus.

Duke. Marco Lucchese, is he yet in town?

1st Sen. He is now in Florence.

Duke. Write him from us: that he come quick.

1st Sen. Here comes Brabantino,—and the valiant Moor.

(Exit Messenger.)

SCENE VIII.

Enter Brabantino, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you

Against the general enemy, Ottoman.

Welcome, gentle signor; [To Brabantino.

We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra.  So did I yours: good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of so flood gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
Duke.  Why, what's the matter?
Bra.  My daughter! Oh, my daughter!  [Weeps.
Duke.  Dead?
Bra.  Ay, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and med'cines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Sans witchcraft, could not—
Duke.  Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yeas, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bra.  Humbly I thank your grace—
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state of affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke.  How, the Moor?
Bra.  Himself.
Duke.  What, in your own part, can you say to this?  [To Othello.
Bra.  Nothing, but this—it is so.
Oth.  Most potent, grave, and reverend signors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true;—true, I have married her:—
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine hath seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjurations, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter with.

BEA. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

DUKE. To vouch this is no proof.
1ST SEN. Othello, speak!

OTH. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTH. Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place:—

[Exeunt Iago, Roderigo]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTH. Her father loved me: oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes I the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history:
"Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,

[...]
"Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
"It was my bent to speak,—such was the process,—
"And of the cannibals that each other eat,
"The Anthropoplagi, and men whose heads
"Do grow beneath their shoulders." This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange
'Twas pitiful, 'twas won'drous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it;—yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;—
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

**Duke.** I think this tale would win my daughter too,
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best;
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

**Bra.** I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—
SCENE IX.

Enter GIOVANNI, IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO and LUCA, &c.

Come hither, gentle mistress:—
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. Heaven be with you!—I have done:
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs,
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—[Othello and Des. retire.
I am glad at soul I have no other child.
Thy escape would teach me tyranny.
I have done.—Proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for
Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best
known to you: you must therefore be content to stubber
the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn
and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driv'n bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place and exhibition;  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

Duke.  Be't at her father's.

Bra.  I'll not have it so.

Des.  I think 'twould, my lord!  
Put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye.—Most gracious Duke.

Duke.  What would you, Desdemona?

Des.  That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and scorn of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord:  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honors and valiant parts.  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rights for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth.  Your voices, lords:—beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way.  
Vouch with me, Heaven; I therefore beg it not,  
To comply with young affection  
In my distinct and proper satisfaction.  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,  
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant,  
For she is with me.  
No, were it so, let my helmet change to a vile  
Covering; and let all insults and false words  
Be flung against my name.

Duke.  Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for stay or going: the affairs cry—haste!  
And speed must answer; you must hence to-night.

Des.  To-night, my lord?

Duke.  This light! Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you;  
And such things else of quality and respect,  
As doth concern you.
Oth.  Please your grace, my ancient;
   A man he is of honesty and trust;
To his conveyance I assign my wife

Jux.  Let it be so.—
   Good-night to every one.—And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

[Exit Otho. Lodovico and the other Senators.

1st Sen.  Adieu, brave Moor. Use Desdemona well.
Bra.  Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
   She has deceived her father, and may thee

Oth.  My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
   My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pray thee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.—
   Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exit Othello, Desdemona and Cassio.]

Rod.  Iago.—
Iago.  What say'st thou, noble heart?
Rod.  What will I do, think'st thou?
Iago.  Why, go to bed and sleep.
Rod.  I will incontinently drown myself.
Iago.  Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.
   Why, thou silly gentleman!
Rod.  What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond;
But it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago.  Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus
   Our bodies are our gardens,
Our will the gardener. If it please us
To plant nettles or sow lettuce,
Set hyssop or weed up thyme
To supply it with one gender of herbs
Or distract it with many. Have it sterile
With idleness or manured with industry.
All this power is in our wills—
   'Have we not reason to cool
Our instincts, our senses and our lusts? Believe
That what you call love, is of this, a germ
Or scion.

   It cannot be.
It is merely a lust of the blood,
A permission of the will: Come
Be a man? Drown thyself?
Drown cats and blind puppies!
I profess me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee
than now.
Put money in thy purse; follow these wars;
I say put money in thy purse.
It cannot be, that Desdamona should long continue her love
to the Moor,—
Put money in thy purse!—nor he his to her:
It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an
answerable sequestration;
Put but money in thy purse!—
If sanctimony and a frail vow,
Betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian,
Be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell,
Thou shalt enjoy her: therefore make money.
A plague of drowning!
It is clean out of the way:
Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy,
Than to be drowned, and go without her.

Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?
Thou art sure of me:—Go, make money:—I have told
thee often, and I tell thee again and again, I hate the
Moor; my cause is hearted, thine hath no less reason.
Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: If
thou canst cuckhold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure,
and me a sport. Go to; farewell.—Do you hear,
Roderigo!

What say you?
No more of drowning.—do you hear?
I am changed;—I’ll go sell all my land. (Exit, L.)

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that ’twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if’t be true:
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him,
Cassio’s a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery.—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife;—
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false:—
The Moor, a free and open nature, too,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
I have't—it is engendered:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

(Exit, L.)

END OF ACT I.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Island of Cyprus.

MONTANO and OFFICERS.

MON. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1ST OFF. Nothing at all; it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

MON. Methinks the wind
Hath spoke aloud at land, a fuller blast
Ne'er shock our battlements.
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak can hold the fibres,
When mountains of water break upon them;
What shall we hear of this?

1ST OFF. A segregation of the Turkish fleet—do but
Stand upon the foaming shore;
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;
I never saw a fiercer tempest
Upon the angry ocean.

MON. If in some bay
The Turkish fleet has not found shelter, it is sure
That they are wrecked; it is impossible
They can sustain such fortune. [Enter Second Officer.

2D OFF. News, friends!
Our wars are done, a noble ship
Of Venice has come and witnessed
The shipwreck of a great part of the
Turkish fleet.

MON. Is this true?
2D OFF. The ship is here put in;
Michel Cassio has come ashore, lieutenant
Of Othello, the valiant Moor; he himself's
At sea; and is in full commission here
For Cyprus.
MON. I am glad of it; he is a worthy governor; I have served under him, and the man Commands like a full soldier. Let's to the sea side

SCENE II

Enter Cassio.

CAS. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle, That so approved the Moor: Oh, let the heavens Give him defence against the elements, For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

MON. Is he well shipped?

CAS. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot Of very expert and approved allowance; Therefore my hope, not surfeited to death, Stand in bold cure. [A cannon fired. (Without.) A sail! a sail! a sail!

CAS. What noise?

Enter 1st Officer.

1ST OFF. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail!

MON. My hopes do shape him for the governor, I pray you, sir, go forth, And give us truth, who 'tis that is arrived.

1ST OFF. I shall. [Exit.

MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

CAS. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid That paragons description and wild fame; One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens, And in the essential vesture of creation, Does bear all excellency.

Re-enter Officer.

Now, who has put in?

2D OFF. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

CAS. He has had most favorable and happy speed. Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds, As having sense of beauty, do omit Their mortal natures, letting go safely by The divine Desdemona.

MON. What is she?
She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago.—
Oh, behold—
And his own quick arrival
In seven days anticipates our thought.
Great Jove protect Othello, and swell
His sail with thine own powerful breath.
Behold the riches of the ship are come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, noble lady!

SCENE III.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, RODERIGO, EMILIA.

CAS. And the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheels thee round!

DES. I thank you, valiant Cassio,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CAS. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

DES. Oh, but I fear—how lost you company?

CAS. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.—

(Cannon fired, L.)

(Without.) A sail! a sail!

CAS. But, hark! a sail:—

1ST OFF. They at the citadel are sending a salute,
So are they friends.

CAS. Good ancient, you are welcome:—Welcome, mistress.

To EMILIA, kissing her.

Let it not gail your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

IAGO. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

CAS. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in
the soldier, than in the scholar. [Takes Desdemona by
the hand, to introduce her to the Gentlemen of Cyprus; he
talks with her during Iago's speech.

EMIL. I should not want the office.

IAGO. (Aside.) He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said,
whisper:—As little a web as this will ensnare as great a
fly as Cassio:—Ay, smile upon her, do:—I will gyve thee in thine own courtship:—You say true; 'tis so, indeed:—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are apt to play the Sir in. Ha! another kiss. This is perfect breeding. —Once more the fingers to your lips.—Would they were poisoned for your sake. [Cannon fired. Trumpet sounds, L.] The Moor:—I know his trumpet.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him. [Advancing.

SCENE IV.

Enter Othello, Antonio, Luca, Giovanni, Lorenzo, and Gentlemen, L.

Oth. Oh, my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. Oh, my soul's joy!—my peace and life:
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul liath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that sweet prayer!—
I cannot speak enough of this content.
It stops me here. It is too much joy.
And this, and this. [Embracing.

Iago. (Aside.) Oh, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drowned.
How do our old acquaintance of the isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I've found great love amongst them. Oh, my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Come Desdemona.

[Trumpet sounds.—Ezecunt all but Iago, Rod. last.]

**LAGO.**
(To Roderigo.) Do thou meet me presently at the harbor.
Come hither: (Roderigo returns,) list me.—The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I will
tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

**ROD.**
With him!—why, 'tis not possible.

**LAGO.**
Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed.—
What delight shall she have looking at the devil? To
create new force in a dulled affection she must have
years, manners, beauties.—This wretched choice will
bring disgust. She has but to use her eyes to show the
want of all those qualities she most would have. Cassio
is a devilish knave: besides he is handsome, young, and
hath all those requisites that inflame young and unquiet
minds. A pestilent and complete knave, and the woman
hath found him out already.

**ROD.**
I cannot believe that in her: she is full of most blessed
condition.

**LAGO.**
Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes:
if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the
Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle
with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

**ROD.**
Yes; but that was but courtesy.

**LAGO.**
Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to
the history of lust and foul thoughts.—Sir, be you ruled
by me: I have brought you from Venice: watch you to-
night: for the command, I'll lay't upon you; Cassio
knows you not.—I'll not be far from you: Do you find
some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too
loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other
cause you please.
ROD. Well—

LAGO. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and haply, may strike at you:—Provoke him that he may; for even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio.

ROD. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

LAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

ROD. Adieu. (Exit.)

LAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her, too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for so great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him,
Wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do—
If this poor brach of Venice, whom I track
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
For I fear Cassio with my night cap, too—
Make the Moor thank, love me, and reward me.
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. (Exit.)
SCENE V.

Enter Cassio and Montano.

**Cassio.** 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

**Montano.** Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

**Iago.** Some wine, ho!
(Sings.) And let me the canakin clink, clink!
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man
A life's but a span;
Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

**Cassio.** 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song!

**Iago.** I learned it in England,
Where, indeed, they are most potent in potting;
Will you have it again? (Plies Cassio with wine.)

**Cassio.** No, for I hold him unworthy of his place that does those things—Well—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

**Iago.** It's true, good lieutenant.

**Cassio.** For mine own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

**Iago.** And so do I, too, lieutenant.

**Cassio.** Ay; but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

**All.** Excellent well.

**Cassio.** Very well, then—you must not think that I am drunk.

**Montano.** To the platform, gentlemen, let's set the watch. (Exeunt all but Iago and Montano.)

**Iago.** You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cesar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MONT. But is he often thus?
IAGO. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
MONT. It were well
The general were put in mind of it:

Enter RODERIGO.

IAGO. How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

(Aside to Roderigo, who exits)

MONT. It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

IAGO. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.
But hark! what noise?

SCENE VI.

Enter Cassio and Roderigo.

CAS. You rogue! you rascal!
MONT. What's the matter, lieutenant? (Stops Cassio.)

CAS. A knave! teach me my duty?
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

ROD. Beat me!

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue? (Struggling to reach Rod.)
MONT. (Staying him.) Nay, good lieutenant;
CAS. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you over the mazzard.

MONT. Come, come, your drunk.

CAS. Drunk! ( Strikes Montano.—(They draw and fight.)

IAGO. Away, I say! go out and cry—a mutiny.

(Aside to Roderigo, who runs out.)

Nay, good lieutenant—alas, gentlemen—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant—sir—Montano—sir:
Help, masters!—Here's a godly watch, indeed!—

(Montano is wounded.)

MONT. Stop my blood: I am wounded to the death. Let him die
though. (Still fighting.)
SCENE VII.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Hold, for your lives—

Why, how now, ho!

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this?

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning.
And, would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Cassio, you are thus forgot?

Cass. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil; the world hath

noted

The gravity and stillness of your youth.
And your fame is greater
Than to have the name of a night-brawler!
Give me answer.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves, it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion having my best judgment collided,
Assays to lead the way:
What! and in a town of war,
The people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel!—
In night, and on the Court, a guard of safety!—
'Tis monstrous. (Goes to Iago.) Iago, who began't?
MONT. If partially affined, or leagued in off
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

IAGO. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet I persuade myself to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following with determined sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue
Lest, by his clamor,—as it so fell out,—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I returned, the rather,
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: when I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust;
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
A look, a motion.

OTH. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA.

Look if my gentle love be not raised up.
(To Cass.) I'll make thee an example.

DES. What's the matter, dear?

OTH. All is quiet now.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
Lead him off. [Montano is led off.
Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come Desdemona 'tis the soldier's life,
To have his balmy slumbers woke with strife.

(Crossed to Cassio.) What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CAS. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!
Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself. And what remains is bestial, my reputation, Iago, my reputation!

As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's yours.

I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and indiscreet an officer. Drunk?

Come, you are too severe a moralist; I could heartily wish this had not so befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

How?

Listen. Our general's wife is now the general—confess yourself freely to her; importune her, she'll help to put you in your place; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

You advise me well.

I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Good night, honest Iago. (Exit)

And what's he, then, that says, I play the villains,
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows
As I do now: for, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

END OF ACT II.
ACT III.

SCENE I.
Cyprus.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia and Cassio,

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband As if the case were his.

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio, But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. Oh, sir, I thank you! You do love my lord: You've known him long; and be you well assured, He shall in strangeness stand no further off Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay—but, lady, That policy may last—how long?

Des. Do not doubt; b. fore Emilia here I give thee warrant of thy pardon. Assure thee, If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article; my lord shall never rest: I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience; I'll intermingle every thing he does With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio, For thy solicitor shall rather die Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease, Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]
SCENE II.

Enter Othello, reading a paper, and Iago.

IAGO. Ha! I like not that.—

OTH. What dost thou say?

IAGO. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

OTH. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO. Cassio, my lord! No, sure; I cannot think it,
That he would steal away, so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

OTH. I do believe 'twas he.

DES. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTH. Who is't you mean?

DES. Why, your Lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face;
I pray thee, call him back.

OTH. Went he hence now?

DES. Ay, sooth, so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him:—Good love, call him back

OTH. Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time.

DES. But shall't be shortly?

OTH. The sooner, sweet, for you.

DES. Shall't be to-night at supper?

OTH. No, not to-night.

DES. To-morrow dinner, then?

OTH. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

DES. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days.—In faith, he's penitent:—
When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello.—I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny.
Or stand so mammering on.—What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoken of you disparagingly,
Hath ta'en your part—to have so much to do.
To bring him in!—Trust me, I could do much.—
Pr'ythee, no more;—let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Oth. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit.
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love, indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no! Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona. I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be't as your fancies teach you.
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Execunt Emilia and Desdemona.

Oth. Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did.
From first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for the satisfaction of my thought—
No further harm.

Oth. What of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. Oh, yes: and went between us very oft.
IAGO. Indeed!

OTH. Indeed! indeed! Doest thou aught in that? Is he not honest?

IAGO. Honest, my lord?

OTH. Honest!—ay, honest.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.

OTH. What dost thou think?

IAGO. Think, my lord?

OTH. Think, my lord!—
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say but now,—"I like not that,"—
When Cassio left my wife;—What didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain,
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

IAGO. My lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think thou dost;
And—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

IAGO For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn,—I think, that he is honest.
Men should be what they seem:
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

OTH. Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinking,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Lago.  
Good, my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to,—
Utter my thoughts! Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace where into foul things
Sometimes intrude not?
Whose breast so pure that sometimes
Evil thoughts do not find a place?

Oth.  
Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Lago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Lago.  
I do beseech you,—
(Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,—
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,)—I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conceals,—
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of this scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth.  
What dost thou mean?

Lago.  
Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing.
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that fUCHES FROM me my good name,
Robes me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth.  
By Heaven, I'll know thy thought!

Lago.  
You cannot, if my heart were in your hand:
Nor shall not, while 'tis in my custody.

Oth.  
Ha!—

Lago.  
Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves.

Oth. Oh, misery!

Iago. Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolved.—
Do you take me for a brute, that I could believe
In such loose reports, as those
Inferred from what you say?
'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, there are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt:
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago:
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me;—I speak not yet of proof:—
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye, thus—not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't;
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seemed to shake, and fear your looks,
She loved them most.
Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then:
She that so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father’s eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought ’twas witchcraft:—but I am much to blame,
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee forever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my love!—but, I do see, you are moved:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Cassio’s my trusty friend,—
My lord, I see you’re moved.

Oth. No, not much moved:
I do not think but Desdemona’s honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there’s the point: as, to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereeto, we see, in all things nature tends;—
Fie! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,
Her will, recolling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:—
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Exit.

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Re-enter Iago.

Iago. My lord,—I would I might entreat your honor
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For sure he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note if your lady strain his entertainments
With any strong or vehement importunity:
Much will be seen in that.—In the meantime
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear—I am.)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exeunt.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings—If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.—Haply,—for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have;—or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;
She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
Must be—to loathe her.—Oh! curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses.—Yet 'tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatived are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny, unshunnable, like fate.
Even then this forked plague is fated to us.
Desdemona comes:—
If she be false. Oh, then, Heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.
SCENE III.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

DES. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence

OTH. I am to blame

DES. Why is your speech so faint? Are you not well?

OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead, here.

DES. Why, that’s with watching; ’twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

OTH. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone.—Come, I’ll go in with you.

DES. I’m very sorry that you are not well.

[Exit Othello and Desdemona.

EMIL. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjured her she should ever keep it,) That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I’ll have the work ta’en out,
And give it to Iago;
What he will do with it, Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

SCENE IV.

Enter IAGO.

IAGO. How now! what do you here alone?

EMIL. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

IAGO. A thing for me, a foolish thing,
Yourself perhaps?

EMIL. What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
IAGO. What handkerchief?

EMIL. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so oft you did bid me steal.

IAGO. Give it me.

EMIL. What will you do with't, that you've been so earnest
To have me filch it?

IAGO. Why, what's that to you?

EMIL. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

IAGO. Be not you known on't; I have use for it. Go, leave me.

[Exit EMILIA.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.—
The Moor already changes with my poison.
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so;
Look where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Not all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to the sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

SCENE V.

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?—

IAGO. Why, how now, general? No more of that.

OTH. Avant! begone! thou'st set me on the race:
I swear, 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.

IAGO. How now, my lord?
OTT. What sense had I of her stol’n hours of lust?
I saw’t not, thought it not; it harmed not me;
I slept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not Cassio’s kisses on her lips.
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know’t, and he’s not robbed at all. [Cross L.

LAGO. I am sorry to hear this.

OTT. I was happy yesterday! Oh! now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing file,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war:
And, oh! ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove’s dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello’s occupation’s gone!

LAGO. Is it possible? My lord—

OTT. Villain! be sure thou prove my love a whore!
Be sure of it—give me the ocular proof—
Or, by the worth of my eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog, lago
Than answer my waked wrath.

LAGO. Is’t come to this?

OTT. Make me to see’t; or (at the least) so prove;
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

LAGO. My noble lord—

OTT. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror’s head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

LAGO. O grace! Oh heaven defend me!
Are you a man,
Have you a soul, or sense?
Heaven be wi’ you; mine office take.—Oh, wretched fool,
That liv’st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world.
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence. (Going.

OTH. Nay, stay. Thou should'st be honest.

IAGO. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

OTH. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she's not;
I think that thou'rt just, and think thou'rt not.
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd, and black
As mine own face.—
Would I were satisfied:

IAGO. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.—
You would be satisfied?

OTH. Would I, nay, I will!

IAGO. And may: but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her—

OTH. Death and damnation! Oh!

IAGO. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,
Pricked to't by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio;
In sleep I heard him say—Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.
And then, sir, would he sigh,
And cry—Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor.

OTH. Oh, monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.
OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

IAGO. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

OTH. I'll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO. Nay, but be wise—yet we see nothing done:
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

OTH. I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

IAGO. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTH. If it be that—

IAGO. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

OTH. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago:
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone!

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

IAGO. Pray, be content.

OTH. Oh! blood, Iago, blood!

IAGO. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

OTH. Never, Iago!

Like the Pontic Sea,
Whose compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb;
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, no' er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge swallow them up;
By yon marble heaven,
I here engage my words.

IAGO. Do not rise yet.

Witness, ye ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soe'er.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead:
'Tis done, at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! Oh, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death.
For the fair devil.—Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own forever. [Exeunt.

END OF ACT THIRD.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.

_Cyprus._—Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

_Des._ Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

_Emi._ I know not, madam.

_Des._ Believe me,
I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crucesdoes;
And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

_Emi._ Is he not jealous?

_Des._ Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humors from him.

SCENE II.

_Emi._ Look where he comes.

_Des._ I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be called to him. (Enter Othello.)

_How is't with you, my lord?

_Oth._ Well, my good lady.—(Aside.) Oh, hardness to dissemble!—
Give me your hand—This hand is moist.

_Des._ It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

_Oth._ This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart,
Hot, and moist:—this hand requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That common by rebels.—'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

_Des._ You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

_Oth._ A liberal hand! The hands, of old, gave hearts,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

_Des._ I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your promise.
OTH. What promise, chuck?

DES. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

OTH. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me—
Lend me thy handkerchief.

DES. Here, my lord.

OTH. That which I gave you

DES. I have it not about me.

OTH. Not?

DES. No, indeed, my lord.

OTH. That is a fault: That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
 Entirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathly, and his spirit should hunt
 After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me
 And bade me, when my fate would have me wife,
 To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;
 Make it a darling like your precious eye;
 To lose, or give't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

DES. Is it possible?

OTH. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it,
A sybil, that had numbered in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work.
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skillful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

DES. Indeed! is't true?

OTH. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

DES. Then would to heaven that I had never seen it.

OTH. Ha! wherefore?

DES. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

OTH. Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is it out o' the way?
DES. Heaven bless us!
OTH. Say you?
DES. It is not lost! but what, an' if it were?
OTH. Ha!
DES. I say it is not lost.
OTH. Fetch't! let me see it!
DES. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:—
I pray, let Cassio be received again.
OTH. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.
DES. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
OTH. The handkerchief!
DES. Let's speak of Cassio.
OTH. My gift!
DES. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you—
OTH. The handkerchief!
DES. In sooth, you are to blame.
OTH. Away!
EMIL. Is not this man jealous?
DES. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief.
[Exit.]
EMIL. What have I done? It was no piece of foolishness,
'Twas a fault in me—I will run—
I will tell all to Iago. What then? In the Moor,
'Tis perhaps a mere caprice, or some
Bad news which clouds his even temper,
Keep silent, and see what time brings forth.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

OTHIELLO and IAGO.

IAGO. Will you think so?
OTH. Think so, Iago?
IAGO. What, to kiss in private?
OTH. An unauthorized kiss.
IAGO. Or for an hour or two,
Alone, not meaning any harm, with a friend?
OTH. Not meaning any harm, close to a friend, Iago?
It is hypocrisy against the devil! they
That mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

_Oth._
So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip.

_Iago._
But if I give my wife a handkerchief.

_Oth._
What then?

_Iago._
'Tis her's, my lord,
And being hers, she may give it to whom she likes.

_Oth._
But, her honor?

_Iago._
Is an essence not seen; but the handkerchief!

_Oth._
By heaven! I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou said'st—Oh, it comes over my memory
As a raven over an infected house,
Boding to all. He had my handkerchief.

_Iago._
There be'knaves who dare do anything,
And other greater knaves who, gaining something by in
fortunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Cannot help but publish it.

_Oth._
Hath he said anything?

_Iago._
Nothing that he is not ready to unswear,
Je you sure of that.

_Oth._
What did he say?

_Iago._
That he—I don't know what he did—

_Oth._
What?

_Iago._
That he was received—I don't know what he said.

_Oth._
In her chamber?

_Iago._
By her—in her chamber—what you please!

_Oth._
He? by her? by her? Oh, infamous!

_Iago._
Oh, my poison! work on,
Work on.—Thus credulous fools are caught,
And many worthy and chaste dames do meet
Reproach.—What, ho my lord!

_Oth._
Here within the heart has turned to stone,
I strike it and my hand is hurt.
Oh, but the world no daintier creature had!
Get me some poison, Iago; this night! I'll not expostulate
with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind
again. This night, Iago!
IAGO. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good! the justice of it pleases; very good.

IAGO. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker:—you shall hear more by midnight. [Trumpet without.

OTH. Excellent good.—
What trumpet is that same?

IAGO. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lodovico and Desdemona.

LOD. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Give Othello a letter.

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Retires and reads the letter.

LOD. We shall await your answer.

(To Des.) My cousin, I am glad to see you.
Where's Cassio? We did not meet him on our landing.

DES. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

OTH. (Partly aside.) Are you sure of that?

DES. My lord!

OTH. (Reads.) This fail you not to do, as you will—

LOD. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'tween my lord and Cassio?

DES. A most unhappy one. I would do much
To stowe them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTH. Fire and brimstone!

DES. My lord?

OTH. Are you wise? Now who would say it—

DES. Say what?

OTH. Indeed!

DES. My lord? why, what—
OTH. (Striking her.) Devil!

DES. I have not deserved this! [Weeps]

LOD. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice.
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.

OTH. Out of my sight!

DES. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

LOD. Truly, an obedient lady.
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

OTH. Mistress!—
What would you do with her, sir?

LOD. Who, I, my lord!

OTH. Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn.
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient—as you say, obedient—
Very obedient.—[To Des.] Proceed you in your tears!—
[To Lod.] Concerning this, sir—Oh, well painted passion:
—I am commanded here—[To Des.] Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—[To Lod.] Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—[To Des.] Hence, avaunt!
Cassio shall have my place.—[To Lod.] And sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together,
You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—[Aside.] Goats and
monkeys!

[Execut Oth. and Des.]

LOD. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?

IAGO. He is much changed.

LOD. Are his wits safe? Is not his brain touched?

IAGO. He is that he is: if what he might be
He is not—would Heaven help!

LOD. What, strike his wife?

IAGO. 'Faith, that was not well.

LOD. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And now create this fault?
IAGO. Alas! alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. I see and save my speech

LOD. I'm sorry that I am deceived in him. 

SCENE V.

Enter EMILIA and DESDEMONA.

EMIL. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, my good lady?

DES. Half as but I think.

EMIL. What has happened to him?

DES. Whom?

EMIL. My lord, madam?

DES. Who is thy lord?

EMIL. He that is yours, sweet lady.

DES. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets—remember.
Call thy husband hither.

EMIL. Here is a change, indeed! 

DES. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
My father's house, ungrateful, thoughtless,
I abandoned. But his suspicions and reproofs, this
Fury that possesses him. Oh, what have I done
That he should found the smallest suspicion
Of any greater sin?

SCENE VI.

DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO.

IAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

DES. I cannot tell. Those that teach children
Use gentle means, and easy tasks
Furnish in love. He might have chid me so,
For in sooth I am a child to chiding.

IAGO. What's the matter, lady?

EMIL. With insult and dishonor
He has covered her, Iago; he has dared to call her
Liar and infamous.—Ah! there's no one could bear this.
IAGO. Why did he so?

DES. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

IAGO. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

EMIL. I will be hanged, if some eternal villains,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander.

IAGO. Fle, there is no such man: it is impossible.

DES. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!

EMIL. A halter pardon him!
The Moor's abused by some outrageous knave,
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow—
O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world!

IAGO. (Advances). Speak within door— you are a fool; go to.

DES. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I lost him. (Kneels.) Here I kneel—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—(though he do shake me off)
To beggarly divorcement)— love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

IAGO. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humor.
The business of the state does him offense,
And he does chide with you.
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper, 
The messengers of Venice stay. 
Go in and weep not, all things shall be well. (Ex. Des. 
and Em.)

SCENE VII.

Enter Rodrigo.

IAGO. How now, Rodrigo?

ROD. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me, thou keepest from me all con-
venience, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope; I have wasted myself out of my means, but I find
nothing for it.

IAGO. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor is it very
well. By this hand, I say, 'tis very scurvy; and begin
to find myself lobbed in it.

IAGO. Very well.

ROD. 'Tis not very well; assure yourself, I'll seek satisfaction of
you.

IAGO. You have said now.

ROD. Ay; and I intend doing.

IAGO. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this
time, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. 
Sir, there is a special command come from Venice, to
depute Cassio in Othello's place.

ROD. Is that true? Why, then, Othello and Desdemona return
again to Venice.

IAGO. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with
him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered
here by some accident—wherein none can be so deter-
minate as the removing of Cassio.

ROD. How do you mean—removing of him?

IAGO. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place—knock-
ing out his brains.
And that you would have me do?

Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. Come, stand not amazed, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. But it is supper time, and the night wears on, let's get to work.

I will hear further reason for this.

And you shall be satisfied. (Exeunt.)

SCENE VIII.

Enter Emilia and Othello.

You have seen nothing, then?

Nor ever heard,
Nor ever did suspect.

Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

But then I saw no harm.

What, did they never whisper?

Never, my lord.

Nor send you out o' the way?

Never.

That's strange!

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,
Remove your thought: it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of her sex
Is foul as slander.

Bid her come hither; go! (Exit Emilia.
She says enough—yet, she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock and key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray—I've seen her do't!

SCENE IX.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Ot. 'Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Ot. Let me see your eyes—
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Ot. (To Emilia.) Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procurers alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if anybody come;
Your mystery, your mystery—nay, dispatch. [Exit Emilia.

Des. (Kneels.) Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words, but not the words.
Ot. Who are you?
Des. Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.

Ot. Come swear it, damn yourself,
Lest being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee; therefore be double damn'd,
Swear thou're honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Ot. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Ot. Oh, Desdemona; away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he raised
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found, in some part of my soul,
A drop of patience—but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at,—
Oh! oh!
Yet could I bear that too—well, very well:—
But there, where I have garnered up my heart!
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!—
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there,
Patience,—thou young and rose lipped cherubim,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest?

Oth. Oh, thou weed!
Who art so lovely—fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee;
Would thou had'st ne'er been born.

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whored upon.—What committed?
Committed!—If I would name it,
O thou vile woman, all modesty
Were dead for ever. What committed—
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it! What committed?
Impudent strumpet!
DES. By Heaven, you do me wrong!
OTH. Are you not a strumpet?
DES. No, as I am a Christian!
OTH. I cry you mercy, then; I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That left the paternal roof and married with Cthella.
(To Emilia.) And you, who know your office,
And do it honestly, there's money for your pains;
Keep our counsel.

END OF ACT IV.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Desdemona's Bedroom.

DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

EMIL. How goes it now; he looks gentler than he did.

DES. He says he will return immediately;
    He hath commanded me to go to bed,
    And bade me to dismiss you.

EMIL. Dismiss me!

DES. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
    Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;
    We must not now displease him.

EMIL. I would you had never seen him!

DES. So would not I; my love doth so approve him
    That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns
    Have grace and favor in my eyes.

EMIL. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DES. No matter. Good father mine, how foolish are our minds.
    If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
    In one of those same sheets.

EMIL. Come, how you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid called Barbara.
    I remember her. She was in love,
    He she loved proved false
    And did forsake her. The girl
    Sang a song called "Willow."
    An old thing 'twas, which expressed her fortune,
    And she died singing it.
    That song to-night will not go from my mind.
    I seem as if I should hang my head
    And sing the song like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch!

EMIL. Shall I go fetch your nightgown?

DES. No, unpin me here. That Lodovico
    is a proper man.
EMIL. A very handsome man.

DES. And he speaks well.

EMIL. I know a lady in Venice who would have
     Walked barefoot to Palestine
     For a touch of his nether lip.

DES. (Sings.) "The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
     Sing all a green willow;
     Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
     Sing willow, willow, willow.
     The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her
     moans,
     Sing willow.
     Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;"

Make haste, he will come soon.

"Sing all a green willow must be my garland,
     Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve."

That's not next. Hark, who knocks?

EMIL. It is the wind.

DES. "I called my love false love, but what said he then,
     Sing willow;
     If I court no women you'll couch with no men."

So get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch,

Doth that bode weeping?

EMIL. No, my lady.

DES. I have heard it said so.

Oh, these men! Dost thou in conscience think, Emilla,

That there be women do abuse their husbands

Thus?

EMIL. Truly, my lady.

DES. And would'st thou do such deed

For all the world?

EMIL. The world is a huge thing: for a small vice

'Tis a great price.

DES. No, faith—thou wouldst not do it.

EMIL. By my troth, I think I would do it, and when done

Undo it. And why? The wrong is but a wrong
I the world, and having the whole world,
In my own world I would make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Some, perhaps.

Who walk in honest courses
Conquering or resisting—

Des. Oh, silence! good night!
Sustain my trembling heart, oh Heaven!
Thou who sendest me such trial, so I
May know eternally virtue’s danger.

"Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
The fresh stream ran by and murmured her moans,
Sing all a green willow must be my garland."

SCENE II.

Othello, Desdemona.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause.—Yet, I’ll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she’ll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light resume. When I have plucked the rose
I cannot give it vital growth again:
It needs must wither.—I’ll smell it on the tree,

[Kisses Desdemona.

O balmy breath, that dost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.

[Kisses her.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee.
And love thee after.—Once more, and this the last—

[Kisses her.

She wakes.
Who's there? Othello?

Ay, Desdemona.

Come you to bed my lord?

Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

Ay, my lord.

If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight:

Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Well, do it, and be brief—
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit:
No, Heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Talk you of killing?

Ay, I do.

Then Heaven
Have mercy on me!

Amen, with all my heart!

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Humph!

And yet I fear you.

For you're fatal, then,
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guilt I know not; yet I feel, I fear.

Think on thy sins.

They're loves I bear to you.

Ay, and for that thou diest.

That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your neither lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame: but yet I hope
They do not point at me.

Peace, and be still!

I will so:—what's the matter?
OTH. That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

DES. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

OTH. Sweet soul, take heed—
Take heed of perjury: thou'rt on thy death-bed.

DES. Ay, but not yet to die.

OTH. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die!

DES. Then, Lord have mercy on me!
And have you mercy, too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio,
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

OTH. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
Oh, perjured woman! thou dost stone thy heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murder,—which I thought a sacrifice!
I saw the handkerchief.

DES. He found it, then;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

OTH. He hath confessed.

DES. What, my lord?

OTH. That he hath—used thee.

DES. He will not say so.

OTH. No, his mouth is stopped:
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

DES. My fear interprets, then. What, is he dead?

OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

DES. Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone!

OTH. Weep'st thou for him to my face?

DES. Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, an you strive—
Des. But half an hour—
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer—
Oth. It is too late. [Smother her.][Emilia knocks.

SCENE III.

EMILIA AND OTHELLO.

[Without.] My lord! my lord! What, ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?

[Without.] I’d speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes—tis Emilia. By and bye. She’s dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio’s death;
The noise was high.—I’ll more of no moving!
Still as the grave!—Shall she come in? Were’t good?
I think she stirs again—no!—What’s the best?
If she come in, she’ll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! What wife?—I have no wife!
Oh, insupportable! oh, heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn.

[Without.] I do beseech you I may speak with you.

Oth. I had forgot thee:—Oh, come in, Emilia. [Unlocks the door.

Enter EMILIA.

Oth. What’s the matter with thee now?

Emil. Oh, my good lord, yonder’s soul murder done?

Cassio, my lord, hath killed a young Venetian,
Called Roderigo.

Oth. How so?

Des. Oh, oh, oh!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Des. Oh! falsely, falsely murdered!

Emil. Out, and alas! it is my lady’s voice! [Goes to the bed.
Help! help, oh! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! oh, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.
EMIL. Oh, who has done
This deed?

DES. Nobody: I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord—oh, farewell. [She dies.

OTH. Why, how should she be murdered?

EMIL. (Advancing.) Alas! who knows?

OTH. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMIL. She said so.

OTH. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell:—
'Twas I that killed her!

EMIL. Oh, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

OTH. She was an adulteress.

EMIL. Thou liest.

OTH. She was as false as water.

EMIL. Oh, she was heavenly true!

OTH. She was false. Thy husband knew it all.

EMIL. My husband?

OTH. Thy husband.

EMIL. That she was false to wedlock? Did he say it?

OTH. Yes, he told me first. An honest fellow,
He abhors the vile filth of such misdeeds.

EMIL. My husband?

OTH. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband:—dost understand the word?

EMIL. Ah, Desdemona's love was sport for his rascality.

OTH. Worthy Iago,
My soul's friend, told me the whole of their perfidy.

EMIL. He lies! he lies!
In his soul he lies. She was too fond
Of her wretched husband, ah, too fond.

OTH. Ila!

EMIL. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wert worthy her.
O gull! O dolt!
I care not for thy sword—I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.
Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor has killed my mistress! murder! murder!

SCENE IV.

Enter Montano, Lodovico and Iago.

MON. What is the matter?
EMIL. Oh, are you come, Iago? You have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know thou didst not: thou'rt not such a villain.

IAGO. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMIL. You told a lie: an odious, damned lie!
Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie.
I must speak! There, in her bed,
Lies Desdemona murdered.

ALL. Heaven forbid.
EMIL. And your reports have set the murder on.

IAGO. What! are you mad? Get you home.

EMIL. 'Twill out! 'twill out. I hold my peace, sir! No,
I will speak as liberal as the air.
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all
Cry shame against me, I will speak!
Oh! thou dull murderer! He has led you on.
Often, with a secret earnestness,
He begged me steal the handkerchief,
And I—

OTH. Say on—
IAGO. Peace, woman! (his hand on his dagger.)

OTH. Say on!

EMIL. I come to you.

Save me!
Oth.        Well.
               She never gave it Cassio.  Iago had it.

Oth.        Are there no stones in Heaven
But what serve for the thunder?
I am not valiant, neither,
But every puny whisper gets my sword.
               [All start from him with a cry of horror.
Let it go, all.

Oth.        I have another weapon in this chamber;
               It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—
               Behold! I have a weapon:
               A better never did itself sustain
               Upon a soldier's thigh.  I've seen the day,
               That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
               I've made my way through more impediments
               Than twenty times your stop.  But, oh, vain boast!
               Who can control his fate?—'tis not so now!
               Do you go back dismayed: 'Tis a lost fear:—
               Man, but a rush against Othello's breast,
               And he retires.—Where should Othello go!
               [Goes to the bed.
Now, how dost thou look now?  Oh, ill-starred wench!
               Pale as thy sheets!  When we shall meet at comit,
               This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
               And fiends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my girl,
               Even like thy chastity.—O cursed slave!
               Whip me, ye devils,
               From the possession of this heavenly sight!
               Blow me about in winds!  roast me in sulphur!
               Wash me in steep-down gulps of liquid fire!—
               O Desdemona!  Desdemona!  dead?—Oh, oh, oh!
               [Falls down by her.

Emil.        Cruel tiger—a way—
               Turn from her.  She is your victim.
               [He weeps at the back of stage.
Look to the villain! [Points at Iago.

I look down toward his feet—but that's a fable;
If thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [Wounds Iago.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but I am not killed. [Two guards take him.

Lod. Take away his sword.

Oth. An instant, pray.

[To Lod.] Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. The torture shall ope his lips. [Enter Cassio.—Exit Iago

Cas. Oh, my dear general! How do I see you?

Oth. I am not the Othello you once knew;
Give me your hand—your pardon.

Lod. I will bear the news of this to Venice,
Oh, what will men say, my lord, of you—
Once so great, so good?

Oth. Soft you—a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it.
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, throw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.—Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbanned Turk
Smote a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus! [Stabs himself—dies]

This did I fear.

THE END.
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